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P O E M S

BY

JOHN NICHOLL, F.S.A.

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Tu nihil invitâ dicēs faciesve Minerva :  
Id tibi iudiciū est, ea mens : si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,  
. . . . . nonumque prematur in annum,  
Membranis intus positis.

HORACE. DE ARTE POETICA. l. 385

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## PREFACE.

THE following Poems, selected from a number of others, were for the most part written at an early period of life, when the study of "the Divine Art" was a favourite pursuit and the cherished occupation of my leisure hours. The duties of a more mature age sufficiently controlled this inclination without eradicating it altogether; and, in revising some of these productions of my youthful days, the memories which they still awaken, and the scenes that they recall and re-people with forms and features once so familiar and dear, have induced me, though with much diffidence and hesitation, to commit them to the press, under the hope that they may prove a not unacceptable offering to my family and a few select friends.

I will not flatter myself that these Poems possess sufficient merit to afford me the gratification of adding another page

to the permanent Literature of my country; yet, if from perusing them my friends can draw aught of pleasure or profit to themselves, I shall have the satisfaction of feeling that the hours which I have devoted to their composition have not been wholly misspent or without their reward.

*Canonbury Place, 1863.*

## THE SCHOOLBOY.

—— hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

VIRG. *ÆN.* b. i. l. 207.

HAIL Parnassian God! thrice hail, Apollo!  
And from thy throne of light with kindly aid  
Direct the mazes of my artless song,  
While with untutor'd hand I wake the lyre,  
Responsive to alternate joy and woe.

Now had the lingering shades of night retired,  
And a few fleecy clouds of sober grey  
Announced the coming of the rosy morn,  
When roused from his Elysian dream of ease  
The toil-worn student wakes; but wakes, alas!  
To all the stern realities of life.  
Like some poor partridge startled from her nest,  
Precipitant he leaves his attic lair,  
And, though unwillingly, in haste resumes

The well-worn garb for long endurance made,  
 Not heeding much the order of his hose,  
 If haply he can join the general call.

Assembled all, and the brief matins o'er,  
 With elbows firmly pois'd and arms erect,  
 Each anxious neophyte cons o'er his task,  
 Content with just that minimum of lore  
 Which shrewd experience predicates will serve  
 To bear him safely current through the day.  
 Nor need we wonder that the youthful mind  
 To joy attuned should nauseate at the dose  
 Of rules abstruse and languages defunct  
 Wherewith, obdurate to each kindly sense,  
 The powers depute would gorge us to the full.

Insatiate brood of hungry whippers-on,  
 Whose ogre appetites, by daily growth,  
 Would bolt the half of Euclid at a meal!  
 O! it were well if some philanthropist,  
 Some second Howard, form'd in mercy's mould,  
 Would find a readier road to Learning's fane,  
 And save these budding years of early life  
 The drudgery and toil they're doomed to bear.

Grateful the slight repast that comes at length

And puts its friendly veto into force  
 With one sweet hour of liberty and ease;  
 Brief interlude of joy, and soon exchanged  
 For toils and trials greater than before!  
 Inglorious bondage, such as Israel knew  
 Beneath the iron sway of Egypt's lord  
 When called to render in the tale of bricks.  
 Nor more than then can there remittance be  
 Of aught by stern authority imposed.  
 And now through all the dome a hubbub strange  
 Ensues, that would a chaos seem of sounds  
 Which have no import clear for mortal ears,  
 Like the thick hum of congregated bees,  
 Or clam'rous merchants of all climes and tongues  
 That erst assembled on the crowded mart  
 Of peerless Venice in her palmy days.

Brief is the time for mere recital left;  
 Some half the circle of the dial traced,  
 When lo! the mighty Pedagogue appears,  
 Erect, of manly form, and with a brow  
 Imperial as the heir of ancient Rome,  
 In whom to rule would seem inherent right;  
 Yet placable and mild and kind of heart  
 Where'er the semblance of a willing mind.  
 With solemn step he mounts his vacant throne,

And thence awhile in thoughtful mood surveys  
 The various charge committed to his care;  
 Now motionless and fixed, as if the dread  
 Simoom had laid them prostrate at his feet,  
 Or Gorgon's eye had turned them into stone,  
 So silent all, and, if we may to aught  
 Compare, like that mysterious conclave, where  
 With folded arms the musing Quaker sits,  
 Or those still shades of famed Crotona's school  
 Where young Pythagoréans held their peace,  
 Susceptible to sound of falling eaves.  
 Or gentlest gale of zephyr's balmy wing  
 That whispers pleasure to the noon-tide air.

T'were long indeed and wearisome to tell  
 The searching scrutiny that now ensues,  
 The frequent blunder or the happy guess  
 That sinks or saves some culprit in despair.  
 A few distinguished Opts ride out the storm,  
 And bear triumphant off the grateful prize  
 Of smiles and commendations fairly due  
 For means improved and talents well applied.  
 The rest, like the great bulk of human kind,  
 Attempt but little and perform still less.  
 Nor are there wanting in the varied throng  
 Some ruder specimens of Nature's work.

Egregious dolts no culture can reclaim,  
 Whom patience, wearied to the death, consigns  
 To that last hope of remedy—the Birch;  
 Terrific root of bitterness and woe.  
 Indigenous to Acheron's gloomy shores,  
 But known of old in this our upper earth  
 For virtues such as poisons sometimes have,  
 And said by Solomon himself to be,  
 If freely used, with vigorous arm and oft,  
 The best appliance for the back of fools.

Come joyous noon, with liberty return:  
 We hail thee, welcome as thou always art.  
 But doubly welcome when thou bring'st with thee  
 The blest remembrance of some holy saint  
 Whose rubricated name in glorious type  
 Adorns the humble calendar of time;  
 For then, like hounds from dreary kennel freed  
 To chase the stag or scent the fragrant air,  
 We rush tumultuous forth with joy elate,  
 And consecrate to sports the hallow'd day  
 That ancient piety redeemed from toil.

To cricket these, our country's manly game:  
 And those to fly the painted kite proceed;  
 While others, yoked by free consent in pairs,

Under the guidance of some embryo Whip,  
 Assume the character of mettled steeds.  
 Loud sounds the lash, incessant is the shout,  
 As round the dusty stadium they career,  
 And rise in fancy to the proudest deeds  
 That once entranced the sons of ancient Greece.

Oftimes, escaping from this joyous throng,  
 With bland companion I have wandered wide  
 Through woodland scenes and scented meadows gay  
 To bathe our limbs in some translucent flood,  
 Where blooming Nature with a matron's care  
 Preserved the spot from all intrusion free,  
 Herself alone spectatress of the scene.  
 Nor did we scorn the calm recruiting aid  
 That some old hostel proffered in the way.  
 'Twas pleasant there to spend a social hour,  
 Recounting all our troubles past and gone,  
 Like veterans who had borne the brunt of war;  
 Yet was the dolorous tale full sure I ween  
 Enlivened oft with many a thought jocose,  
 Producing laughter o'er the mantling glass  
 Supplied redundant by our bounteous host.

Delicious Burton! worthy of the gods,  
 Surpassing far Valhalla's drowsy mead,



Or that famed nectar so renowned of old  
 Which crown'd the ample cup of tippling Jove!  
 Farewell to scholarship and manhood too  
 If e'er in future times our classic halls,  
 In mean subservience to a milksop age,  
 Should banish from their butteries' plenteous store  
 The noble beverage of home-brew'd ale,  
 That surest stay of too-exuberant growth,  
 And foster-nurse of our old Saxon blood.

The brimming beaker drained, and modest score  
 With liberal hand discharged, we wend our way,  
 The lovely star of eve just visible  
 As safe beneath our antique gate we turn,  
 Well pleased and grateful for the boon conferred.  
 That may be sought again but not abused.

Imagine we the glorious Summer gone  
 And hoary Winter with his icy crown  
 Monarch despotie of the fading year.  
 Like some fair argosy that rides secure  
 'Gainst stress of weather in a friendly port,  
 We seek the shelter of our common school,  
 Whose cheerful hearth revives the sinking breast  
 And smiles defiance to the storm without.  
 Yet, what the elements in roughest mood

But bounteous nature in a varied form.  
 And all for ends beneficent and wise?  
 I love to listen to the piping North  
 With all his fierce artillery in play;  
 There's music in the storm to fancy's ear  
 At times more pleasing than the festal strain.

Secure within and every shutter barred,  
 The hours glide swiftly by on silken wing;  
 Some antique tale of haunted castle dread,  
 Of ladies fair by strong enchantment held,  
 Münchhausen's wonders, or a game at chess,  
 Yield ample pastime and delight for most;  
 While others, it may be of civic race,  
 Incipient merchants, with an eye to gain,  
 Concoct a condiment of wondrous art.  
 Whose spicy fumes from pipkin-mouth exhaled  
 Diffuse a fragrance through the spacious dome,  
 Like perfumes wafted from Molucca's isles,  
 Or scented airs of Araby the blest.

Seductive bait of an illicit trade,  
 Beguiling tyroes into frequent debt;  
 Their craving appetites can not resist,  
 And slender purses have not means to pay.  
 Thanks to the Power Divine that orders all,

It is but seldom that this sordid taint  
 Affects the fair simplicity of youth;  
 And though in after-life, alas, no doubt  
 Will Mammon have his worshippers enough,  
 These early years are free, and truth and love  
 And sweet benevolence of soul have space  
 To grow and strike their roots so deep at times  
 That all the world's rough usage that succeeds  
 Can not displace them from their native soil.

The drama's ended and the curtain falls;  
 A frugal meal, some minutes spent in prayer,  
 And all the actors in this busy scene  
 Are shortly folded in the arms of sleep,  
 While silence spreads her peaceful empire round;  
 Save where the foot of some noctambulist  
 Is heard to patter on the hollow floor,  
 Or fairy Mab, as Shakespeare sweetly sings,  
 In nutshell chariot drawn by murmuring gnat,  
 With all the equipage that fancy paints,  
 Rides lightly 'cross the nose of slumb'ring man,  
 And some poor student, still intent on school,  
 In dreaming hums a conjugation o'er.

Here let the Muse restrain her doubtful flight,  
 And trim the pinion of her weary wing.

For nought of import else remains to tell  
 But that we venerate with just regard  
 The good and loyal customs of the land;  
 And when the gloomy month November brings  
 His sleet and snow, as oft it suits his mood,  
 Then high we rear a great and goodly pile  
 To burn the effigy of traitorous Fawkes,  
 And chronicle to all succeeding time  
 That great deliverance which in days of yore  
 Preserved at once the altar and the throne.

Then last there comes, to crown the closing year,  
 Our long vacation and the joys of home;  
 In chaise or coach, on dicky or in front,  
 Or crammed within, no matter how or where,  
 But luckiest he with Jehu on the box,  
 We rattle off, none happier in the land,  
 Superbly jubilant with store of horns,  
 Nor cast a look of sad regret behind.

Yet soon, indeed, the month of pleasure flies,  
 And all the drudgery of school returns;  
 But so it must be to the end of time.  
 These youthful days are the first talent given,  
 And if not used to profit there will show  
 In after-life but leaves upon the tree

When need requires, and most we look for, fruit.  
Nor must the voice of mirth too long engage  
If e'er we think to reach the glorious height  
Of those whose memory lives beyond their day,

Yet not for me to moralize who need  
Myself th'improving words of riper years;  
My humble task performed with slender skill,  
I leave to those whose worthier right it is  
To point the road to virtue and renown,  
Sufficient if my theme, by fortune blest,  
Should win the meed of an approving smile.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

WHAT though your calm and studious mind,  
To deep researches more inclined,  
Finds little in the Poet's theme  
To wake your notice or esteem,  
Yet have I thought you may commend  
The short epistle of a Friend,  
Whose powers admit no lofty views,  
And sole desire is to amuse.  
Still would I hope, when health restores  
The sweet delight of tranquil hours,  
You'll feel and own the living fire  
That sweeps across the Mantuan lyre,  
And, borne on rapture's wing along,  
Confess the mighty power of song.  
But if, from causes undefined,  
Those subtle laws which fashion mind  
With predisposing power prevent,  
You'll still revere its high descent,

As Arab tribes esteem the horse  
 Whose blood bespeaks a noble source.  
 Or you and I prefer to see  
 The worth that's graced with ancestry  
 Than virtues which we cannot trace  
 A year beyond the present race.  
 Since ancient Greece produced no prose  
 Till first Milesian Cadmus rose,  
 And Rome but measured numbers sung  
 ('Tis thought) till Appius Cæcus sprung,  
 And long while arts were yet uncouth,  
 Or letters led the way to truth,  
 An oral verse preserved alone  
 The deeds of time from sire to son;  
 And ever will the poet's art  
 Delight the ear and touch the heart,  
 To action rouse each slumb'ring power,  
 Or soothe and charm a pensive hour,  
 And o'er the brow of science trace  
 A softer polish and a grace.

But stay, my Muse, thy fond career,  
 Nor press too long a languid ear;  
 I did in writing but intend  
 To ask how fares my much-lov'd friend;  
 What yet essential change has wrought

The unmolested range of thought;  
 What joy affords, what vigour yields,  
 Your calm retreat and open fields;  
 Those early scenes where fresh and new  
 Our first ideas of life we drew,  
 And sketch'd with pencils dipp'd in light  
 A future ever fair and bright.

Immersed in the pursuits of town,  
 How seldom now I venture down,  
 And, if compelled to seek awhile  
 A respite from this world of toil,  
 Pursue my journey as I may  
 Without a halt upon the way,  
 Except perchance at that small inn  
 From which the last five miles begin;  
 A pleasant spot for slight regale  
 Before you rise from Loughton vale  
 To higher lands and keener air  
 That ten to one will meet you there.  
 But you, I fear, proceeding slow,  
 Would find this stage enough for two,  
 Nor venture for the former part  
 Further than Townrows or the Hart,  
 Whose cleanly front and open door  
 Bespeak a welcome—and no more.



Mine host rotund, of portly size,  
 With booted legs and rustic guise,  
 Conducts you in—presents a chair,  
 And then a wretched bill of fare;  
 But talks with gusto and delight  
 Of things reserv'd and out of sight;  
 The wonders, if you dare believe,  
 His well-stored cellar can achieve,  
 Port old and rare, of finest growth,  
 Carválho and Bastádo both,  
 And clarets such we seldom meet,  
 The Chateau Margaux and Lafitte;  
 But draw the cork, and I opine  
 You'll pay the bill and leave the wine.

T'was so of old; the vain parade  
 You know Nasidienus made  
 About his Cæcuban so rare  
 And Chian of a chosen year,  
 Which knew full well the sorry kuave  
 Had never crossed a salt sea wave;  
 The merest trash made up at home  
 Within the very walls of Rome.

How looks the country all around,  
 Each well-remember'd spot of ground,

Its corn-lands rich, spread far and wide,  
 Where Roden rolls his silvery tide?  
 Fair Parndon's meads and Thornwood plain,  
 And Gernon's ancient proud domain,  
 And all the glorious broad display  
 Of forests stretching far away?

Is Cheveley's mansion, once so fair,  
 Still roofless and without an heir;  
 Its rich parterre a brambled scene  
 Where weeds and wildflowers intervene,  
 Sad emblem of the certain fate  
 Of folly in its best estate?  
 How clear the mind can still recall  
 Its marble floors and sculptur'd hall,  
 Its stately avenue's dark gloom,  
 Oft shunn'd to make a circuit home  
 When here in boyhood's joyous day  
 We whiled the laughing hours away,  
 Nought heeding till we haply found  
 The shades of evening closing round.

And tell me next, I long to hear,  
 Though 'tis with thoughts allied to fear  
 I draw the veil of private life,  
 How Delia looks and acts the wife;

Are still those blooming charms the same  
 Which woke in every breast a flame,  
 Charms so resistless, so divine,  
 That turned your head as well as mine?  
 O! what a riddle, guessed in vain,  
 Have women been, and still remain!  
 How could she wed with such a lout?  
 What truckling brought the match about?  
 Alas, how luckless was the day  
 When such a prize was thrown away!

One wish remains,—I fain would know  
 What favourite study you pursue,  
 Whether with curious eye you trace  
 The wonders of the insect race;  
 Wing with the bee his morning round  
 And note the spot where sweets abound,  
 His chamber'd hive attentive scan,  
 And ask from whence he drew the plan;  
 Then wider take your range at will  
 Through countless forms of matchless skill,  
 And life survey in every phase  
 That nature's teeming womb displays?

Or rather, is your taste inclined  
 To track the mighty march of mind,

And seek by deep research the cause  
 Of order, government, and laws:  
 See mutual wishes, mutual fear,  
 Attract mankind, unite, endear,  
 Till private wants in time create  
 The germ from whence arose a state;  
 Retrace whate'er the world has seen,  
 The wreck of empires that have been.  
 The birth of modern power and sway  
 Which rose and grew on their decay,  
 With all the progress time has wrought  
 In arts, in science, and in thought?

Happy the man whose cultured mind  
 From every grosser sense refined,  
 Whose ample acres, broad and fair,  
 Prevent the rude approach of care,  
 And leave him uncontrolled to stray  
 Where'er the muse shall lead the way.

So may my friend, pursuing still  
 The impulse of his manly will,  
 With health and lengthen'd years explore  
 The treasur'd gems of ancient lore;  
 Adorn'd with all the charms of mind  
 That grace the best of human kind;

And, far beyond this fleeting life,  
So marr'd with pain and vexed with strife,  
Anticipate with hope sublime  
Those joys that are not bound by time—  
A solace here for every woe,  
A hope the world can not bestow,  
Nor all the sophists' vain display  
Of pride and learning take away.

### MELCHISEDEC.

LIKE the grand orb of an autumnal sun  
That greets the traveller on some Alpine height,  
Magnificent though bathed in rising mist,  
Melchisedec, thy kingly form appears  
Deep in the haze of far-receding time,  
The mighty outline of some glorious power  
That blest the early ages of mankind,  
By us but dimly seen; so far removed  
Toward the verge of all recorded truth,  
Thou seem'st the head of a sublime and elder  
Hierarchy that survived the Flood—greater  
Than Abraham—father of the chosen seed,  
Who paid thee homage and gave tithes of all.  
Minister of the Most High—the Gentiles'  
Light—thou didst keep awhile upon the earth  
The saving knowledge of a God, and that  
Primeval faith—the earliest dawn of hope,

Which spake of mercy yet in time to come,  
And soothed the bitter anguish of the Fall.

Alas! how dire and subtle was the power  
Of that forbidden fruit which in the bowers  
Of rosy Eden grew—how deep it sank  
Into the fountain of perennial life,  
Corrupting every motion of the heart,  
And gend'ring death through all that wond'rous work  
Which Heaven had made so good and beautiful  
That but for sin it would have known no change!  
How nearly had the first offence of man  
Drawn down the whole extinction of his race  
And blotted out from off this goodly earth  
Each trace and record that he once had been!  
Yet grew there hence no appetite for good,  
Nor could a world of waters wash away  
And cleanse the deep pollution of the soul.  
What though the Omnipotent in mercy saved  
A little seed to plant the earth anew,  
No sooner man had multiplied again  
And grown in numbers to a wand'ring tribe  
Than the old leaven of his heart appeared,  
And so effaced the lineaments of truth  
That all distorted and rebellious thoughts  
Sprang up like thistles in a stony soil.

Man made him gods of all the various powers,  
 Benevolent or dread, which constitute  
 The visible material universe,  
 And deified the fathers of his flesh;  
 He poured libations to the stars of heaven;  
 The glorious Sun, when he arose to warm  
 And fertilize the earth, and the fair Moon,  
 Deputed regent of the night, received  
 His orisons; gods grew along the shores  
 Of Nile prolific as the Lotus plant—  
 Osiris, Remphan, and the sacred bull,  
 Apis or Mnevis, Thammuz the beloved  
 Of women, and universal Isis.  
 Thick as Bœotian fog the mist of  
 Error spread, and Ham was dark with idols.  
 From Sidon and along the western sea  
 Phœnicia offered incense and paid vows  
 To Agrus (called the husbandman, and thought  
 By some to be the patriarch Noah,)  
 And made him chiefest of the gods; nor less  
 Did Nineveh of old revere and serve  
 Her idol Nasarach, before whose shrine  
 By parricidal hands Sennach'rib fell.  
 In Babylon renowned, and thence dispersed  
 Through all the nations which confess'd her sway,  
 With varying names and forms, men worshipped



Belus and Astarte, deities well known  
 In Israel,—whose sons so oft forsook  
 The sacred law to follow heathen rites.

Nor when the tide of human life had spread  
 Did Greece or Latium more enlighten'd grow  
 In things divine; the wisest of their sons  
 Could judge no more of Truth than that it was  
 Not known, and must be taught from Heaven.  
 Yet had the golden era of the arts arrived,  
 And genius reached the climax of its power,  
 And Hellas poured from all her sacred groves  
 Such matchless strains of eloquence and song  
 As charmed the ear of all succeeding time.  
 Still man by nature knew not God—and as  
 The earth increased in age the cloud upon  
 His brow but darker grew —Progressive skill  
 Had clothed with beauty and attractive grace  
 The deities of old, but every rite impure  
 And gross, remained offensive as at first.  
 The world was lapsing into ruin, and, had  
 The righteous few who made it vital for  
 A time have been withdrawn, there were, alas !  
 No elements in all its social state  
 To re-adjust the havoc of the mind  
 Or claim of right the respite of a day.

Yet the long suff'rance of Heaven wearied not,  
Nor could in aught the Hope of Israel change;  
Thy greater antetype, Melchisedec,  
The promised Consolation of the earth,  
Messiah, came, restoring all things by  
Transgression lost; and man, regenerate  
And made anew in sanctity of life,  
Forsook the broken fountains he had made,  
For Living Waters that can never fail.

## THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

'Tis said, by laws ordained in heaven,

There is to man in mercy given,

Attendant at his side,

Through every scene of weal and woe

That marks his chequer'd lot below,

An Angel for his guide.

How precious then beyond compare

Of all the world calls good and fair

The immortal soul must be,

And O how far transcending aught

Within the utmost reach of thought

Its glorious destiny!

But does this heaven-born guardian friend

On every child of earth attend?

Ye sons of Wisdom say:

Or is it the elect alone

Who draw by faith an Angel down,

Companion of their way?

How deep the truths that unrevealed,  
 And by the veil of flesh concealed,  
     Lie hidden or obscure!  
 The chiefest knowledge still is plain,  
 That virtue is our certain gain,  
     And man must wait for more.

Contented then I spread my sail,  
 Though dark the sky, though rough the gale,  
     I have what I require;  
 Thou Guardian Spirit at my side,  
 Canst master ocean's wildest tide,  
     Or bid the storm retire.

With thee I'll climb the arduous hill,  
 Though faint and weak, pursuing still  
     The path to joy and light;  
 Still keep thy holy vigils near,  
 Sustain my strength, dispel my fear,  
     And guide my steps aright.

Let thy persuasive powers impart  
 That gift divine—a humble heart,  
     No passion can allure;  
 Grant me a will intent on good,  
 By varying fortune unsubdued,  
     A conscience calm and pure

Then, when my earthly course is run,  
And thy celestial mission's done,  
    Thou wilt rejoin the bless'd,  
Present with joy thy charge above  
Before the Eternal Throne of Love,  
    And bear a soul to rest.

TO DANIEL ROBERT MACNAB, ESQ.

WITH A COPY OF FRANCIS QUARLES'S "DIVINE AND MORAL  
EMBLEMS."

ACCEPT, my Friend, this work —'tis somewhat curious  
And singular and quaint, but not injurious  
To sound divinity, and may command  
Part of thy shelf where Locke and Barrow stand.  
Quarles was a man of piety and wit,  
The first profound, the other always hit;  
What were his tenets let the world inquire;  
Or sect, or orthodox, may each admire.  
He wrote for all, and chose that needful part  
To form the morals and improve the heart;  
And, though grotesque the carving of the shrine,  
The jewels lodged therein are all Divine.

TO A YOUNG HEIRESS,

WITH A COPY OF THE COLLOQUIES OF EDWARD OSBORNE.

OSBORNE deserved the bride his virtue won,  
But wealth and beauty help'd his genius on:  
Your hand and fortune, if bestowed with skill,  
Would aid deserving worth and talents still:  
And one who happily should wed with you  
Might be the founder of a Dukedom too.

TO MISS DEAN,

ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

How frail and fleeting all that charms us here!  
No good is certain, no delight sincere;  
Awhile we live, but scarce our pleasures known  
We see them fade and then lament them gone.  
Time baffles all our efforts as it flies,  
Bestows the hope of bliss but not the prize,  
And every year obtruding some distress  
Still leaves the circle of enjoyment less;  
In one short month an age of doubt is o'er,  
And you a brother, I a friend, deplore.

Yet cease to mourn with unavailing care,  
Though gone thy chiefest joy and solace here,  
Tears will not now reverse the fixed decree,  
And that is best which Heaven permits to be.



Prepared for early death, he seemed to know  
His time allotted was but short below.  
No day exempt from some corroding pain,  
Foretold the pleasing dream of life was vain,  
And past the bounds of its uncertain date  
His constant mind pursued a brighter fate ;  
Preserved the blameless path that faith required,  
Became mature in virtue, and expired.

And could we wish, howe'er awhile we mourn,  
The disembodied spirit might return?  
Again possess its tenement of clay,  
Endure a second life and pass away?  
Ah no!—no pains disturb the mould'ring dust.  
And full of bliss the portion of the just;  
His all the gain that hope could wish to find :  
And ours the loss, who linger still behind.

TO MISS JANE NICHOLL.

Some think a compliment best paid  
By studied fine expression,  
But, after all is done and said,  
This may be but profession.

Who sees my wish when scarce expressed,  
And gratifies it right,  
Has studied human nature best,  
And is the most polite.

For scents like these what can I say,  
Or what requital make?  
I'll dare to utter all I may—  
They're sweeter for your sake

And, kept for happy days alone,  
I'll prize the fragrant treasure ;  
And when I use it always own  
To you I owe the pleasure.

PASTORAL.—I.

AH, blame not, sweet maid! if again  
I offer a tribute that's due;  
Nor think that I praise in a strain  
More than justice would render to you;  
Can I flatter? ah no! it is mean,  
Dear Phillis, I scorn the base art;  
And my tongue, it will ever be seen,  
Has pronounced what I've felt in my heart.

Then where is the wrong if I say,  
What reason so plainly assures,  
Though Chloe may aim at display,  
She has not the grace that is yours;  
And yet in some moments of spleen  
Those charms, if the truth I confess,  
I even could wish I'd not seen,  
Or that I'd admired them less.

But Phillis excels all the fair,  
     She's beloved by the wise and the good ;  
 There's a softness, a grace in her air,  
     No swain has yet ever withstood.  
 Yet still I am forced to complain,  
     Still, doubting of happiness, see  
 That bosom unmoved by my pain,  
     And cruel—but only to me.

The fields where I once loved to rove  
     No longer look cheerful and bright ;  
 I heed not the song of the grove,  
     Its music affords no delight ;  
 While I hear those sweet lips ever speak  
     In so gentle, but cautious a tone,  
 And see that fair hand, if I take,  
     So hastily drawn from my own.

But I will not pronounce you unkind,  
     For my own is the fault and the blame ;  
 I should not have nursed in my mind  
     So sweet, yet so hopeless, a flame.  
 And now, but too late ! I attend,  
     What truth might have taught me before,  
 That, owned and esteemed as a friend,  
     I should not have coveted more.

PASTORAL.—II.

AH, should I, dear Phillis! appear  
More gay than I've seemed for a while,  
Sure the reason to all will be clear,  
That my love has vouchsafed me a smile!  
Such peace has returned to my mind  
Since my passion you deigned to approve,  
Forgive, if I thought you unkind—  
To doubt, is the nature of love.

How sweet, when the storm is all laid  
That has clouded the prospect so long,  
Is the perfume that breathes from the shade,  
And the music of Philomel's song!  
How gladly we welcome the sight  
Of the snowdrop and crocus again,  
When Winter has taken his flight  
And Spring is resuming her reign!

But the anguish I've felt could you know  
 (And how could it otherwise be?)  
 While you found not a word to bestow  
 Of hope or of comfort on me!—  
 Of all the hard trials of fate  
 That nature is destined to mourn,  
 There is not a pang that's so great  
 As to love and to meet no return.

'Twas vainly indeed that I sought  
 An object to lighten my grief;  
 I never could trust to a thought  
 That sometimes would whisper relief.  
 The voice of affection was vain,  
 And friendship I strove to decline;  
 There was nothing could soften my pain  
 But some sweet expression of thine.

The pity that reigns in your breast  
 Was a subject of praise I well knew,  
 And so often I'd seen it express'd,  
 There's none have said more than is due;  
 But still I was doomed to complain  
 That pity to me was not shown,  
 And I envied the bliss of the swain  
 Who was destined to call you his own.

But why should I seek to prolong

The grief that once troubled my mind?

Who now will give heed to my song

Since my love is no longer unkind?

I'll haste to the meadows away,

All blooming and beautiful now,

And cull from the sweet-scented May

A wreath for my Phillis's brow.



AN APOLOGY.

HAVE I blamed thee too severely?  
It was not in anger done ;  
Do I love thee less sincerely?  
I love but thee, my sweetest one !

Though for once I have suspected,  
And should know such doubts were vain;  
Where's the bosom, when neglected,  
That can bear, and not complain?

True I'd every pledge and token  
Love may ask and virtue give,  
And one whose word was never broken  
Was the last who could deceive.

I own 'twas rash, but be it so—

What a trifle wakens fear!

Didst thou never doubtings know?

Never think *me* insincere?

Yes, that love which burns the strongest,

That with life alone can cease,

Soonest sees, and feels the longest,

A look, a word, can wound its peace.

## MARRIAGE.

AND, Lesbia, do you think indeed  
No sight on earth more rare  
Than, 'mongst the multitude that wed,  
A truly happy pair?

I'll tell you what I deem the cause  
Of this heartbreaking woe,  
(For Heaven intended Hymen's laws  
Our chiefest good below),—

The graces that adorn the bride,  
And should remain through life,  
Are, after marriage, laid aside  
Neglected by the wife.

Were those endearments constant found,  
How potent woman's reign;  
More happy unions would abound,  
And few would then complain.

But fair, and thus discreet in mind,  
Perhaps there are but few,  
Nor in a thousand could I find  
Another love,—like you.

TO DELIA.

DELIA, how often had you press'd  
To see the maid I lov'd the best;  
How constantly, whene'er I came,  
You still renewed the tender theme!  
How did you flatter, how declare  
You knew she must be wise and fair;  
It was your wish, your chief desire,  
To see, to love her, and admire!

Thus urged, I press'd the bashful maid,  
And, half-consenting, half-afraid,  
With doubts she could not quite resign,  
I plac'd my Lesbia's hand in thine.  
But ah, how changed was Delia now!  
No pleasure sparkled on her brow,

No graceful welcome from her tongue  
Confirm'd the wish express'd so long ;  
Politely frigid and precise,  
A sun-beam on a sea of ice !  
The form gone through, the visit o'er,  
Yet, scarce more known than heretofore,  
She let the gentle maid depart,  
But made no offer of her heart.

## THE PEASANTS OF URI.

How sweet is the strain that comes floating along  
O'er the Lake of Lucerne as the sun sinks to rest!  
'Tis the Peasants of Uri, and blithe is their song,  
For their hearts are as light as those clouds in the West.

But hark! it is hushed, and they rest on their oar,  
Not a motion is heard or on lake or in dell;  
Their boat is abreast of the time-hallow'd shore,  
And they're kneeling in prayer at the chapel of Tell.

O'er the blue waters now, like the nautilus, bounding,  
Their bark bears away, and renewed is the strain;  
Old Seelis, and Ashen, and Rothstock all sounding,  
For they love the bold chant and repeat it again.

Serenely in beauty,—see the twilight is closing,

Well sped has that bark, and now distant its form,  
And the peasants ere long will be calmly reposing  
In their chalets on high in the home of the storm.

Peace be with them there in those regions of wonder,

Though rude is their dwelling and humble their fare,  
Though the avalanche round them is falling in thunder.  
'Tis the land of their Fathers, and hallow'd and dear.



## THE JOURNEY TO BRUNDISIUM.

HORACE, BOOK I. SATIRE V.

QUITTING imperial Rome, I straight repair  
First to Aricia; my companion there  
An orator well known, whom clients seek—  
Heliodorus, an accomplished Greek.  
Thence o'er the smoothest way proceeding on.  
Taking two days where some would take but one.  
We Appii-Forum reach, abhorr'd by all,  
Where sailors swear, and cheating huxters bawl.  
Here, while my friend with more mercurial power  
Enjoyed his supper and a social hour,  
I, with a stomach which could not endure  
The filthy water of this common sewer,  
In sore distress reclined awhile apart,  
Not much disposed for thought, and sick at heart.

Ere long the shades of night advancing spread,  
 And rising stars their silver radiance shed ;  
 But now, in stern defiance of repose,  
 A storm of words and foul abuse arose,—  
 “ Ye scoundrel knaves ! ” our angry servants shout,  
 “ D’ye mean to sink us ? Put the boat about ;  
 Three hundred are on board, and want ye more ?  
 Now hold your hands and let some go ashore.”  
 Thus, in collecting fares, and this affray,  
 And harnessing the mule, time glides away.  
 Tormenting gnats assail my weary head,  
 And croaking frogs, in neighbouring marshes bred,  
 With ceaseless noise a vile disturbance keep,  
 Prolong the tardy hours, and banish sleep ;  
 While deeply soaked with cheap and common wine  
 The crew and passengers their powers combine  
 In amorous ditties to each absent fair,  
 And add fresh tortures to my wounded ear.  
 The mule is turned to graze, her rope made tight,  
 And all at length is settled for the night.

The circling hours now usher in the day,  
 Still here unmoved and firmly moored we lay,  
 Till some bold fellow with an ashen brand  
 Leaps from his berth and takes the case in hand ;  
 With stentor voice assumes a right to rule,

And cudgels first the boatman, then the mule.  
 In four hours more we land, and straight repair  
 To thy fair fountain, O Feronia!—where  
 We gladly wash, and, having dined, proceed  
 Three weary miles, though at a moderate speed,  
 And climb the rock where Anxur stands on high  
 In bold relief against the azure sky.  
 Mæcnas here I did expect to find,  
 By fixed appointment, with Cocceius joined,  
 In urgent charge of some affairs of weight  
 That much concern the welfare of the state;  
 Men who had oft before prevented strife,  
 And make the love of peace their rule of life.  
 Afflicted much with tender eyes and blear,  
 I use dark ointment while we tarry here;  
 Meanwhile my best and dearest friends alive—  
 Cocceius and Mæcnas—both arrive,  
 And with them, too, Fronteius, whom folks deem  
 Preferred and first in Antony's esteem,  
 On whom the graces all their gifts bestow,  
 And surely the most polished man I know.

From Fundi starting now we take our way  
 And Luscus leave to his prætorian sway,  
 Diverted much with that vain pompous soul,  
 His broad-edged toga and his pan of coal;

Mamurra next with much fatigue we reach;  
 Murena kindly finds a bed for each;  
 While Frontei<sup>us</sup>, freely of his own accord,  
 Supplies with liberal hand our cheerful board.  
 Thence to Sin'essa we with joy repair,  
 For Plotius, Varius, Virgil, all were there.

How blest the hours when minds congenial meet,  
 How rich the pleasure and how rare the treat!  
 Full oft did we embrace and then refrain,  
 But still more gladly to embrace again.  
 No purer souls than these the world can boast,  
 And none more loved of those I love the most.  
 And sure I think, if I can judge aright  
 Of that which constitutes our chief delight,  
 The Fates on us may all their gifts expend,  
 Yet nothing grant that's equal to a friend.

We here at the Campanian guest-house halt,  
 Where law or custom finds us fire and salt,  
 And lodged a night we mount our mules again,  
 And in due time the Capuan town attain;  
 Mæcenas here, to while the time away,  
 Resorts to tennis, an exciting play,  
 Which no judicious leech would e'er advise  
 For those dyspeptic or with tender eyes;

And hence in sleep and calm repose of mind  
 Virgil and I a safer solace find.  
 Next day we reach Cocceius' sylvan seat,  
 High o'er the Caudian shops a fair retreat,  
 Whose noble owner made us welcome there  
 With princely kindness and the best of cheer.

And now my muse in graver strains rehearse  
 A subject worthy of an epic verse,—  
 The rage of Messius and Sarmentus' ire,  
 Descended each—from what illustrious sire?  
 Their stern defiance ere they close in fight,  
 How fierce the conflict and august the sight!  
 Messius from the Osci sprung, a wily knave,  
 Sarmentus the buffoon, a quondam slave;  
 Who first began—"I say, horse-headed brute!"  
 Constrained we laugh aloud at this salute;  
 When Messius thus, "I take what you have said,"  
 And in derision tossed his ill-formed head.  
 "O!" cries Sarmentus, "by that shake I see  
 You still intend to have a butt at me.  
 If thus you threaten, weaponless and shorn,  
 What would you do had you retained your horn?"  
 A hideous scar supplied its former place,  
 The common sign of his disease and race.  
 But Messius now, "I would one favour ask,

You need no buskin nor require a mask;  
 With studied grace your better leg advance,  
 And let us see you do the Cyclop's dance."  
 Thus one by one each salient point he tries,  
 Nor less astute his wary foe replies,  
 "Sarmentus, I would ask, nor ask in vain,  
 How long it is since last you wore a chain?  
 Is that fair ornament, no more displayed,  
 A pious offering to the Lares made?  
 What though a scriv'ner now, the empty name  
 Nor makes you free or bars your mistress' claim;  
 The law enforced would give you up to-day;  
 But why, Sarmentus, did you run away?  
 A pound of bread per diem sure would do  
 For such a chicken-hearted knave as you."

Thus pleasantly enough time glides along  
 Till Beneventum reached demands my song;  
 And here our host, with far more haste than wit,  
 Turning some skinny thrushes on a spit,  
 Dislodged the stove, the scatter'd fragments roll,  
 And here a bird and there a burning coal  
 Commingled lie; the igneous portions blend,  
 And smoke and flames toward the roof ascend.  
 Roused by the thick'ning cries that fill the air,  
 We rush at once and to the scene repair,

Impelled alike by one intense desire  
To save our supper and put out the fire.

From hence a well-known country greets my eyes.  
And clear in front the Apuleian mountains rise,  
O'er which that scorching wind surcharged with woe—  
Atabulus, with all his fury blew;  
Nor could we possibly have held our way  
Had not a farm that near Trivicum lay  
With friendly care its best exertions made  
To smooth our journey and to lend us aid.  
But here green boughs for fuel they employ,  
And clouds of smoke our stifled throats annoy,  
While from our eyes, resisting all control,  
Hot trickling tears in ceaseless currents roll.

From hence in carriages with speed we came  
The next eight leagues, and reached a town whose name  
Defies the powers of verse, but may be known  
From some peculiar features of its own;  
For water if obtained must here be bought,  
But bread abounds and of the finest sort,  
And those do well who take a store in hand,  
Since at Canusium it is full of sand.  
This by-gone place, with its mean paltry stream,  
By Diomed was built—its only fame.

With mutual grief we here with Varius part  
 Not without tears, and then for Rubi start;  
 A toilsome distance, we at length attain,  
 O'er roads not good and more impaired by rain;  
 With fairer skies, but still worse roads, next day  
 To Barium (famed for fish) we wend our way;  
 Thence to Egnatia is the journey short,  
 Whose boasted miracles afford us sport,  
 For here the incense on the altar laid,  
 Without the means of fire or priestly aid,  
 So one and all without a blush declare,  
 Consumes itself and melts away in air.  
 The Jew Appella may this tale believe,  
 Which, I with sense endowed, cannot receive;  
 Nor do the gods such prodigies create,  
 Or feel for us or either love or hate;  
 Enthroned in bliss they every care forego,  
 And leave to chance and nature all below.

Here my long story ends—and paper too,—  
 Brundusium lies before us full in view.



FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER

WHEN the blue sky is cloudless overhead  
Oft have we heard the startling thunder roll;  
So, when thy fortune smiles and all seems bliss,  
Be ever ready for a change may come.

---

GLADLY would I the blood-stain'd laurel change  
For the first violet that March bestows—  
The perfumed pledge of Earth made young again.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

How much may one brave man perform  
To hold in check the battle's storm;  
The deeds of one important day  
May wipe the stain of years away;  
And if to save his Fatherland  
He falls, but makes a noble stand.  
How bright the joy that lights his eyes  
And soothes the hero as he dies!

FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

IN wondrous forms the rocks, storm-bleached and white,  
Rear their vast peaks upon the brow of night;  
Thick hanging woods from every deep ravine  
Stretch their broad shadows o'er the silent scene;  
Or, lit with em'rald fires, mysterious glow,  
While nature, spell-bound, seems to sleep below.

FROM THE GERMAN.

QUOTH the Duke to Hütten in the deep dark wood  
“What’s that on thy hand so bright and so good?”  
“My lord, it’s a ring, I am free to declare,  
From my own lady-love, which I prize and I wear.”

Thou art, Hans, a stately man and a bold,  
But thou wearest a glittering chain of gold,  
That my fair jewel bestow’d upon me,  
As a pledge of her love and how true she would be.

O Hütten put spur to thy courser and fly,  
There’s danger and death in the Duke’s dark eye;  
Thou mayest escape, but thou may’st not stand,  
The hilt of his sword is grasped in his hand.

There stands a green oak in the Schönbachwald,  
Wide are its branches, the trunk it is old;  
But for centuries yet it will bloom and be known,  
For the Duke it is said hanged one Hütten thereon.

A GERMAN PROVERB.

A Prince's pledge, an April sky;  
A woman's love, a rose's dye;  
Cards and dice the gamesters play;  
They change, and they will change for aye.

## THE EXILE OF WÜRTEMBERG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

On these grey towers, where young and free  
I looked o'er plain and wood,  
A stranger's banner now I see  
Where our proud ensign stood.  
My fathers' halls despoiled and bare  
In wild disorder lie;  
A nameless exile, bowed with care,  
To rocks and caves I fly.

Where erst my horn blew loud and shrill,  
And woke the slumb'ring day,  
My foes succeed in keeping still  
The antler'd Stag at bay.  
In every wood and glen and lair  
There lurks a hostile band,  
The thirsty blood-hound scents the air,  
And death is close at hand.

More safe for me the shades of night,  
The mist along the plain,  
Then in disguise and tatter'd plight  
I venture forth again.  
Where once I rode in royal state,  
And nobles bow'd the head,  
I seek my poorest subject's gate  
And humbly ask for bread.

But once again, whate'er befall,  
I turn my steps to view  
Our long-lost home—our ancient hall,  
For heart and sword are true.  
And should this grief-worn frame give way  
I'll falter not nor fly;  
My fiercest foeman yet shall say  
“He dared to do and die.”



## AN INVITATION DECLINED.

DEAR Mary, I should before this have replied  
To your note had it not rather startled my pride,  
For it struck me at first, on a moment's perusal,  
As a sort of excuse—a genteel refusal—  
A something intently meant to convey  
What you could not when present so readily say,  
That the friendly regard which you cherished for me  
Was not quite so great as I thought it to be;  
And in future—for so did I construe the letter—  
A slighter acquaintance you thought would be better.  
Now, conscious of having no wish to intrude,  
Tenacious in most things for fear that I should,  
And acting from motives I knew such as none  
Might fear to confess at a pinch as their own,  
I vowed when I saw you again I'd declare  
That a friend so uncertain could not be sincere,

And if all was made up I resolved in my mind  
 Our respect for each other should be clearly defined,  
 For I felt—but no matter, it shall not have a name,  
 If you've ever been angry 'twas something the same;—  
 Besides, I was vexed at the loss of the sight;  
 To go by myself was impossible quite;  
 To make the same offer to some other belle,  
 There was not one in town that I lov'd half so well;  
 And sure 'twould have been I think worth the viewing  
 To see the sweet children march in order by two in,  
 With a congé profound as they pass by their masters,  
 For neglect in this point would draw down disasters  
 From men who reign pontiffs within their own walls,  
 And have always an eye upon Busby and Charles.  
 Then to see them next spread their own cloth and prepare  
 For the last frugal meal preceded by prayer;  
 Their cups made of oak and wood candlesticks too,  
 As old as their Founder, at least they seem so,  
 With sockets of tin to preserve them from burning,  
 A proof of our forefathers' sense and discerning.  
 What bosom that would not enjoy such a scene  
 That is conscious what culture bestows upon men;  
 So many preserv'd from the dangers of youth  
 And trained in the way of religion and truth,  
 Who may live to become, though but humble their birth,  
 Revered for their talents and prized for their worth.

But it was not the loss of this sight that alone  
 Disturb'd my poor nerves and disorder'd their tone,  
 My birthday it was, and my wish was to share it  
 With a truly loved friend, and so doubly endear it;  
 But your note put an end to this prospect of pleasure  
 And left me in dudgeon and vex'd above measure,  
 Yet firmly resolv'd, if I could, on obtaining  
 Such proof as would leave nothing doubtful remaining;  
 For truth is so precious, there can be no doubt  
 That, cost what it may, it is worth finding out.  
 So I set out by times to make choice of a seat,  
 And to hear your fine Doctor\* is always a treat;  
 While snug in a corner and hid from your view,  
 I could see if your ladyship were in your pew.  
 For this point, ascertained beyond controversion,  
 Had settled the whole in a silent desertion.  
 So tender is friendship, so scrupulous pride,  
 And each virtue we have with some failing allied;  
 But with joy I now saw, as well as surprise,  
 In a clear and good type, and of legible size,  
 A notice was posted high up on the door  
 Of two charity sermons in aid of the poor.  
 You stood, 'twas enough, in a moment acquitted,  
 'Twas I, I perceived, had the error committed

\* Dr. Bloomfield, afterwards Bishop of London.

By too rashly concluding, for now I could see  
Your note was not what I had thought it to be.

Need I add, as a sequel, I was happy to find  
Such a trait in my friend of a well-govern'd mind,  
That, placed between duty and pleasure, could choose,  
Regardless of all it might hazard or lose,  
On the side that is right, content if the voice  
Of Reason and Conscience approved of the choice.  
And believe me this conduct, pursued to the last,  
When reflection looks back on the way we have pass'd,  
Will spread o'er the future a gentle repose,  
And brighten our day as it draws to a close.

## A FAREWELL.

TO-MORROW comes, and I am gone  
Far distant from thy smile;  
Remember me as years flow on,  
A maid of England's Isle.

I love thy vine-impurpled shore,  
Thy Fatherland like mine;  
And, O, I'll love for ever more  
Thy blue majestic Rhine.

How oft my thoughts will wander here,  
Wherever I may be,  
For few will come the hours so dear  
As those I've pass'd with thee.

Farewell; the sun is sinking fast,  
And I am sad the while;  
Forget me not when years are pass'd,  
A maid of England's Isle.

## THE MOUSE.

A Mouse there was some time ago,  
Perhaps he still is there,  
Who had his home in Pleasant Row,  
And fatten'd on good fare.

No sleeker, plumper, Mouse than he  
From thence to Highgate Hill,  
For when he'd time to take his meals  
He always took his fill.

He had not known what sorrow means,  
His life had not a care,  
And such an easy state of things  
Has always been a snare.

And so it proved with little Nib;  
 From bad to worse he grew,  
 And lived a sad and worldly life  
 As any Mouse could do.

In vain he heard full oft, I ween,  
 From many an ancient friend,  
 That time and talents so misus'd  
 Would have a fearful end.

'Twas nought to him, he still went on  
 The same career of vice,  
 And was a perfect Don Juan  
 Among the tribe of mice.

One luckless night at length there came,  
 When he had got a party,  
 And all his aunts and cousins there  
 In mirth were loud and hearty,

And, not content with best of fare,  
 They hinted one and all,  
 That how delightful it would be  
 To finish with a ball.



The wish made known, 'twas soon arranged,  
And eke with all their might  
They then commenced a gallopade  
That lasted all the night.

Now such a noise as this, I guess,  
In any peaceful house,  
Might be ascribed to something else  
As well as to a Mouse.

So here it was, and raised alarms,  
As we shall soon portray,  
Which may involve the death of Nib  
Upon some future day.

At breakfast, Fanny, full of fright,  
Into the parlour came,  
And, looking ghastly pale and white,  
She shook through all her frame.

“O! ma'm,” she cried, “I’m very ill,  
I’m going to my tomb,  
For all the live-long night I’ve heard  
The death-watch in my room.

“Such scratchings vile, such noises dread,  
 I never heard before,  
 Sometimes they seem’d above my head,  
 And sometimes on the floor.

“The house is haunted for a truth,  
 I can no longer stay,  
 And must request permission straight  
 Ere night to go away.”

Puss followed Fanny in the rear,  
 Expressing much surprise,  
 And brushed her tail on every chair,  
 And stared with both her eyes.

Then, purring, to her mistress went,  
 But not for cream or toast,  
 But said as well as she could say  
 That she had smelt the ghost.

Our good Young Lady now first spoke,  
 And, speaking very low,  
 She said “Mamma, I think indeed  
 What Fanny says is so.

“ A night so full of horrors wild,  
 And noises so uncommon,  
 Had shook the heart of any man,  
 Much more the heart of woman.

“ I heard the clock strike twelve, and one,  
 And two, and three, and four,  
 But, ah! the hubbub still went on,  
 And faster than before.

“ Oppress'd with fear and quite worn out,  
 I sought my eyes to close,  
 When, lo! a horrid nondescript  
 Came whisking o'er my nose.

“ I screamed with fright, no doubt I did,  
 My blood still seems to creep,  
 And, sinking down beneath the clothes,  
 I fell at last asleep.

“ And then I dreamt (how odd are dreams!)  
 That midst this noise and din  
 That very charming nice young man  
 Fred Honeycomb peep'd in.

“With outstretch’d arms, I cried aloud,  
 Not knowing what I said,  
 ‘O save me from these horrid things!’  
 Though I was all in bed.

“He came, and, like a Hector brave,  
 Stood guardian at my side,  
 And then awhile so sweet I slept  
 As happy as a bride.

“But soon the bright illusion fled,  
 A face was close to mine,  
 But not the handsome face of Fred,  
 Or any thing divine.

“A monster grim, like nothing else,  
 The ugliest of all fellows,  
 With glaring eyes and bristly chin,  
 And two tremendous smellers.”

What more our lady would have said  
 We cannot make appear;  
 For several knocks, and all at once,  
 Cut short the story here.

In rushed the lads to see grandma',  
 In buoyant health and merry,  
 With sparkling eyes, and lips and cheeks  
 Vermilion as a cherry.

But soon they saw beyond mistake  
 That something was awry,  
 'Twas easier to admit the fact  
 Than guess the reason why.

So mute they stood, nor spoke a word,  
 And heard the story out,  
 And then at once with full accord  
 They gave a hearty shout.

"O, Fanny, you're a perfect goose!"  
 Repeated each and all,  
 "We never saw a ghost at school,  
 And think there's none at all.

"And, as for aunt's sad doleful tale,  
 We'll wager every glove  
 'Tis all a moonshine dream of hers;  
 We know that she's in love.

“ So dear Grandma’, let us advise  
To search well through the house,  
There can’t be anything we’re sure,  
Unless it be a mouse.

“ We’ll bring our dogs to-morrow morn,  
The Mustards and old Grey,  
We’ve six in all, and thorough bred;  
Oh! won’t we have a day.”

But dear Grandma’ had lived too long  
To think like little boys;  
She did not want the house o’eturned,  
And did not like a noise.

So then a long debate ensued  
What further could be done,  
And many plans there were proposed  
Before they fix’d on one.

At length to this resolve they came,  
Nought final to decide,  
But let the whole affair remain  
Till merry Christmas tide;

When every one should come prepared  
With what he had to say,  
In simple tale, or ode, or song,  
Or any other way.

To prove, while mirth and wine goes round.  
And laughter shakes the house,  
If Aunt and Fanny heard a ghost,  
Or both had heard a Mouse.





## NOTES.

Page 1, line 10.

*The toil-worn student wakes.*

“THE SCHOOLBOY” was written in the Author’s seventeenth year.

Page 5, line 1.

*Egregious dolts no culture can reclaim.*

It was the opinion of Pythagoras that all minds are not equally capable of receiving knowledge, which he was wont to illustrate by saying, “Every sort of wood is not fit to make a Mercury.” —“*Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.*”

Page 12, line 1.

*What though your calm and studious mind.*

This poem was addressed to my friend and schoolfellow Mr. Edward Dean, a young man of great promise, who died October 2,

1517, at the early age of twenty-seven. He was descended from the family of Dean of Hill's Green in the Connty Palatine of Chester.

Page 13, line 8.

*Till first Milesian Cadmus rose.*

Authors are not agreed as to who was the first writer of Greek prose. By some the art is attributed to Pherecides Syros, but the more general opinion is in favour of Cadmus the Milesian.—Pliny's Nat. Hist. lib. 5, 31; lib. 7, 57. Strabo's Geo. b. i. 6.

Page 13, line 10.

*Till Appius Cæcus sprung.*

Appius Claudius Cæcus, elected Censor B.C. 312, and celebrated for having constructed the Appian Way, so called after him (Liv. ix. 29), was the earliest Roman prose writer of whom we have any record.

Page 22, line 18.

*Agrus, called the husbandman.*

Vide Cory's "Ancient Fragments," Introductory Dissertation ix.; also the "Generations of Sanchoniatho," paragraph commencing Ἀπὸ τούτων ἐγένετο, &c.

Page 22, line 22.

*Her idol Nasarach.*

Nasarach, the Nisroch of the Scriptures, so written by the LXX.

Καὶ ἀπῆλθεν ἀποστραφεὶς Σενναχηρείμ βασιλεὺς  
Ἀσσυρίων, καὶ ὤκησεν ἐν Νινευῇ.  
Καὶ ἐν τῷ αὐτὸν προσκυνεῖν ἐν τῷ οἴκῳ  
Νασαράχ τὸν πάτεραρχον αὐτοῦ,——

Isaiah xxxvii 37, 38; Septuagint Ver.

The Nasarach, or, as in some MSS., Asarach of the Septuagint, is probably identical with the “Assarac” of the Assyrian Inscriptions.

Page 29, line 1.

*Osborne deserved the bride his virtue won.*

Edward Osborne, ancestor of the present ducal house of Leeds, was apprenticed to Sir William Hewett, citizen and clothworker, who resided in one of the large houses on London Bridge. About the year 1536 (according to Pennant,) his only daughter, then an infant, owing to a want of sufficient caution on the part of the servant-maid who had the care of her, fell from one of the windows into the Thames; Osborne saw the accident, and immediately springing into the water succeeded, at the great hazard of his own life, in saving the child. When she had grown up to womanhood, being an heiress, she had many distinguished suitors; but her father, with an honourable feeling of gratitude which has perpetuated his name, gave her in marriage to the man who had

saved her from an untimely grave; and with her Osborne inherited a very large fortune.

Out of this incident Miss Manning has constructed a very pleasing tale, illustrating the manners and customs of the time, and to which she has given the title of "The Colloquies of Edward Osborne."

Page 45, line 1.

*How sweet is the strain that comes floating along.*

Written after a tour in Switzerland in 1842.

Page 49, line 10.

*In urgent charge of some affairs of weight.*

Antony had again besieged Brundisium with a fleet of 300 sail, and Mæcenas and Cocceius were dispatched in haste from Rome to effect an accommodation. It was on this memorable occasion that Horace was invited by his patron to accompany him.

Page 54, line 20.

*Brundisium lies before us.*

The distance from Rome to Brundisium was about 360 miles.

Strabo, b. vi. c. iii. 7.

Page 61, line 7.

*A nameless exile.*

Ulric, Duke of Wurtemberg, shortly after the death of Maximilian was driven out of his country by the Swabian League, and

his land was ceded to the Emperor. After wandering through Germany as a fugitive, he at length found a friend in his relative Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, who, in 1534, at the head of a considerable force, marched into the heart of Wurtemberg, and, having defeated the Austrians, reinstated him in his ancient territory. *Vide* Kohlrausch's Hist. of Germany, p. 391.

Page 61, line 12.

*The antler'd Stag.*

An allusion to the armorial bearings of Wurtemberg.

Page 64, line 10.

*To see the sweet children.*

On Sunday evenings from Christmas to Easter the scholars of Christ's Hospital sup in public, and visitors are admitted to the galleries of the great hall.

Page 67, line 1.

*To-morrow comes, and I am gone.*

Written at the request of my daughter Elizabeth, on the evening previous to her leaving Germany, and inserted in the album of her friend Fräulein de Haen.

Page 69, line 1.

*A mouse there was, some time ago.*

"The Mouse" was written at the request of a juvenile party for their amusement; the subject given being simply "*Something about a Mouse.*"



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